small Roman Doric or Tuscan columns; and at the commencement of the seventeenth century, we see the "five orders," as they are termed, piled one above another on the face of the Schools' tower at Oxford, as represented in fig. 32. Nevertheless, previously to the time of Inigo Jones, there were no buildings designed entirely in accordance with the revived principles of Italian architecture. Of this revival, *renaissance*,—rebirth,—I will say a little in my next, which will bring us down to the present time, and terminate our outline.—Believe me always sincerely yours,

Meggio.

THE ARRANGEMENT OF PICTURE GALLERIES.

As many of your professional readers are probably turning their thoughts to the above subject, I feel desirous of calling attention, through the medium of your valuable columns, to a point of great importance. I mean the *scrupulous adaptation of the building to its object*, the display of pictures.

This may seem, to say the least, a very superfluous undertaking. I shall not waste time about contingencies, but will both explain what I mean, and prove the need of what I desiderate by reference to an actual, recent, and very eminent case of failure, premising only, first, that I am no utilitarian; next, that I am no architect, nor the partisan of any architect; and, lastly, that I will yield to no man living in a cordial sense of the professional merits of the individual whose work I take for illustration.

The case I refer to is that very splendid shrine of a very splendid collection, the Bridgewater Gallery—a palace worthy the elegant munificence (for the public may use that term) of its noble owner, and, with this one exception, worthy the fame of the able architect that conceived it. But what an exception! I speak not of want of light: I have no fear of failure now in that respect. What I am concerned about is, if possible, more important, certainly far less likely to be foreseen and obviated.

The evil is soon described. Time was when those masterly compositions of Poussin, "The Seven Sacraments," occupied a single room. Their subjects, their style, their peculiar excellencies, their very defects, all united to demand this comparative isolation. A whole apartment was consecrated to them. As Forsyth says beautifully of the famous buildings at Pisa, they were "happy alike in their society and their solitude." Where are they now? Sir, I shall never forget my feelings when, having remembered them in the Stafford Gallery, and *affectionately* kept in my portfolio the scarcely less classic engravings of them by Pyne and others, I went first to look once more upon them in the Bridgewater collection. It was really some time ere I could find them—somewhere, here or there, along a wall of pictures of every size, subject, and complexion. When at length I discovered them, I could hardly believe my eyes. *These*, "The Seven Sacraments!" So dark; so dingy; so degraded from their high estate! I could only say, "It once was Lara that thou look'st upon." But I will not moralise. I bethought me, naturally, of the Raffaelles. Could it be possible? These bewitching emanations that should be ever shrined in especial sanctuary—approached only by a respectful progress, like the tribune at Florence, the Raffaelle Stanzas in the Vatican, and the Cartoon Room at Hampton Court—*swamped*—positively swamped—no "pride of place"—no symptom of peculiar reverence—but promiscuously ranged with others of heterogeneous and discordant character, and only cognisant of their own relationship by what we used at Cambridge to call "huddling."

I will say no more by way of warning. We shall hear plentifully about such commonplaces as light—classification—historical or artistic arrangements. I aim at something higher. Painting, such as I speak of—painting that should pre-eminently characterise a National Gallery—paintings such as we possess in the Sebastian del Piombo, and the Altieri Claude, are no more to be treated as mere items in a catalogue, than stones in a building. They are not jewels, even, in a crown. Every one of these is itself a crown. They are degraded; and we lose the value of them—not the ignorant, but the most enlightened, when we find them jostled and jammed together, as if "two paces of the vilest earth were room enough."

It is not easy, on such a subject, to be brief enough for railroad thinkers; nor is it otherwise than painful to speak truth, however briefly, amidst the artistic effort of this boasted age. We need "line upon line;" but *Punch* and politics will not have it. I, for one, despair. We *are* the "nation of shopkeepers." Everything—even a *House of Parliament*—assumes the form of calculation. If it be not actual arithmetic, it is at least what the negro calls "head work." Art, properly so called, was not made, I fear, for us. Art is essentially *esthetic*; she speaks only through the senses: she does not ask us to speculate, classify, criticise; she bids us *feel*. We choke her voice with learned argument; quench her fire with reasons logical or illogical; prison her spirit in a dark, cold, damp dungeon we choose to call *common sense*. Poetry comes better off, perhaps because she deals more with objects of pure intellect; so we allow now and then to the "poet's eye" its "fine phrenzy;" for the rest, not to go the round of the muses, we call *your* eloquent architecture "*bricks and mortar*."

One word more. I said it was painful to deal with modern instances. Were the one I have referred to irremediable, I might have hesitated ere I adduced it. I am happy, however, not to have done with it. Let any man who asks what I would have, look only at the large Guido, and he will see my meaning at a glance. Those who have learned to *feel* painting can there indulge their feeling without distraction. Those who have not—and it is for these pre-eminently that we want national galleries—can see at once that a painting so architecturally framed and emblazoned, is had in honour, has something in it, must not be irreverently passed without an attempt to appreciate it.

But I stop. You will see that, architecturally, all condenses itself into two words—*apartments* and *compartments*, one or both. I need not show that both are compatible with the finest architectural effect; but this I will say, that if "effect" be first thought of, as in the otherwise noble halls I have referred to, we shall murder our pictures, and have to answer a second time to the rest of Europe for our National Gallery.

Thus much, Sir, as regards the interior. Should you give a place to these remarks I may feel moved to say a word further on the exterior part of the subject. LENY.

NOTES IN THE PROVINCES.

Ipswich.—The grounds of the Arboretum were, for the first time since their formation, thrown open to the public on Sunday before last. An immense multitude availed themselves of the privilege. The cost of laying out and planting the Arboretum, it appears, has burdened the undertaking with a debt of 1,200*l.* The total cost was 2,600*l.* whilst the amount raised by shares and donations did not exceed 1,400*l.* The introduction of a lake at "The Wilderness" corner, the erection of an iron boundary fence alongside the park, and additional expense in forming the entrance from Fonnereau-street, were not included in the original estimates.

Newark.—The local gas company seems to have been induced, by the prospect of a new company being established, to reduce the price of their gas. The lighting, however, is still much complained of.

Lincoln.—The central National School has undergone considerable alterations. The stone floor of the boys' school has been removed, and a wooden one laid down, at a cost of 45*l.*; the expenses of preparing the ground, the brickwork, &c. being cleared by the sale of the old slabs. A gallery, capable of seating 120 children, has been erected. The ventilation has been looked to. The boys' school is 72 feet by 26 feet within the walls. A subscription is now going on to defray the expenses of the new floor in the boys' school, and to lay down a wooden floor in the girls' school also. The sum already subscribed amounts to about 45*l.*

North Elkington.—On Tuesday in last week the parish church of North Elkington, which has been just rebuilt, principally at the expense of the Rev. W. Smyth, the patron, assisted by the Vicar, and others, was consecrated by the Bishop of Lincoln. The work has been carried out under the superintendence of Mr. Teulon, by Messrs. Ryall. The ground plan of the church is a parallelogram of four bays, the easternmost forming the chancel; a porch on the south, and a vestry on the north side, and a small shingle spire at the west end. The style adopted is the early English, and a general resemblance may be traced to the little chapel at Kirkstead, though, of course, with details considerably modified. The eastern window is a triplet of lancets, with shafts on the inside of black Derbyshire marble, supporting the architraves, which are ornamented with trails of dog-tooth and other mouldings. These windows have been filled with some stained glass by Wailes, of Newcastle. The chancel, which contains the prayer-desk, is raised two steps above the nave, and parted from it by a low stone wall. The tables of the commandments are illuminated by a lady, the wife of the vicar of a poor and populous parish, who is endeavouring, by the exercise of her talents in this department of art, to provide funds for the restoration of the dilapidated edifice of which her husband is minister.

Brighton.—A new church was consecrated at Brighton on Friday week. It has been erected from plans by Mr. Carpenter, and is dedicated to All Saints. The building comprises a nave and side aisles, and has a chancel at the eastern extremity. It is to afford accommodation to 1,200 persons, about half the seats being free. There are no galleries, and the view is not obstructed by pews. The seats are of dark oak.

Milford.—The construction of the proposed new wet and floating docks at Milford Haven, Pembroke, will cost the sum of 100,000*l.* A movement is being made in favour of the re-establishment of the mail steam-packet communication with Waterford and the extension of the South Wales Railway to Carmarthen, and ultimately to Pembroke, pointing out this route as by far the shortest between London and the south of Ireland. In conjunction with Milford, dock accommodation is rapidly extending in South Wales, as, along the whole line of coast, large and extensive docks are being constructed.

Penbrey.—A large chimney has been erected at the copper works of Messrs. Elkington and Mason, at Pembrey, in Wales. It is 270 feet in height, 32 feet square at the basement, and 11 feet 4 inches at the summit, the tapering being at the rate of an inch and a quarter per yard on each face of the square. Nearly a million of fire-bricks were used in the erection. The contractor was Mr. Fido.

Hanley.—It is proposed to take down the church at Bucknall, and build a new one on an adjacent site, admitting also of the enlargement of the grave-yard.

Liverpool.—The half-yearly ordinary meeting of the Liverpool United Gaslight Company, was held on Tuesday week, at Newington. The accounts showed that the net profits for the year are 46,118*l.* 16*s.* 11*d.* being an increase over the net profits of the year ending on 30th June, 1850, of 1,084*l.* 3*s.* 1*d.* The proprietors, at their meeting in February last, directed a dividend to be paid for the half-year ending on 31st December, 1851, at the rate of 5*l.* per 100*l.* share. This absorbed the sum of 22,521*l.* 5*s.* They recommended that a dividend for the half-year ending 30th June last be declared of 5*l.* per 100*l.*, 1*l.* 5*s.* per 25*l.* share on all shares paid up on 30th June, 1851, and 2*s.* 6*d.* per 25*l.* share in respect of which an instalment of 2*l.* 10*s.* has been paid. Had the Liverpool, like the Manchester, corporation taken the lighting of their own streets into their own hands, the regular yearly profit of forty-six thousand pounds conjured

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